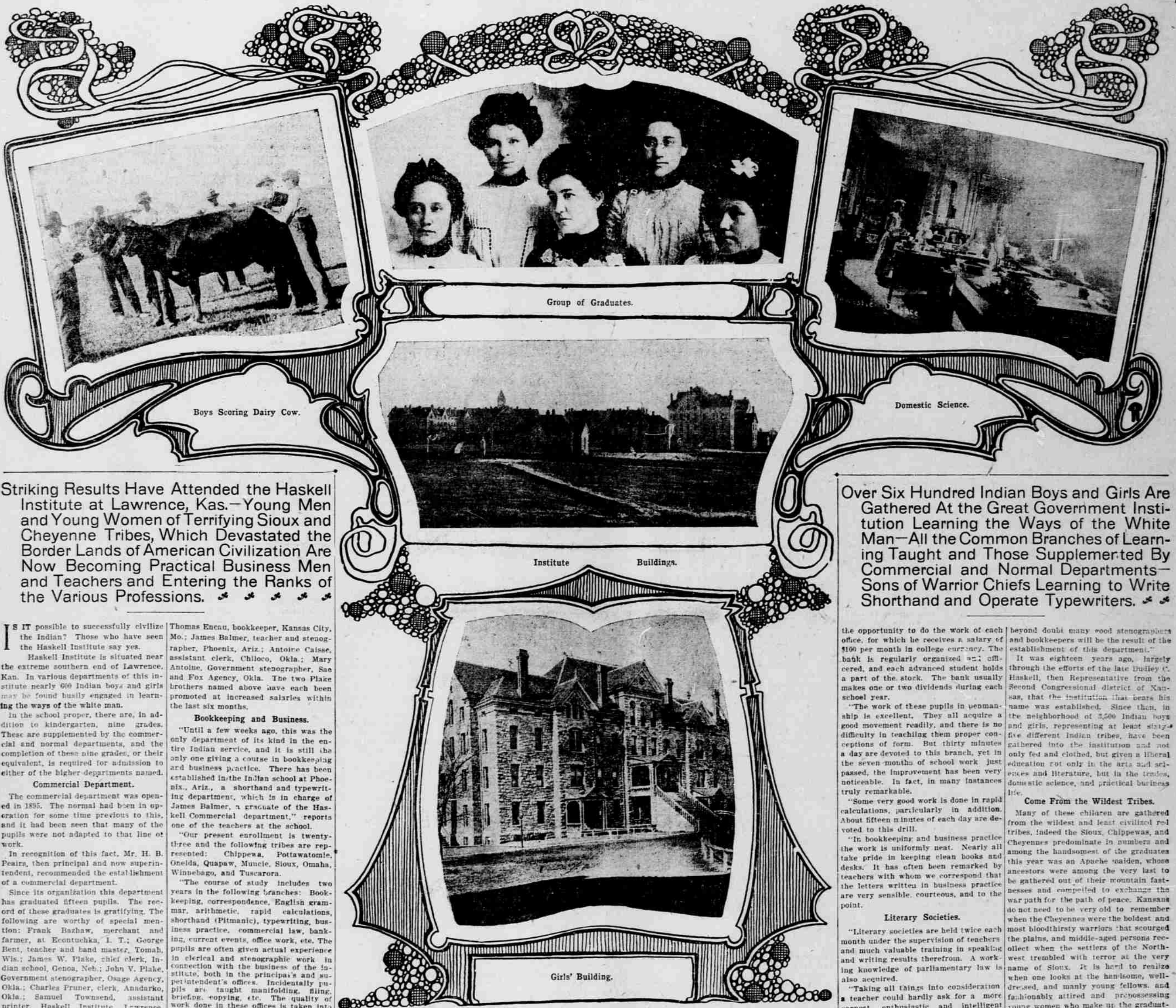


## NO LONGER THE WILD AND WICKED INDIAN OF THE PLAINS



Striking Results Have Attended the Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kas.—Young Men and Young Women of Terrifying Sioux and Cheyenne Tribes, Which Devastated the Border Lands of American Civilization Are Now Becoming Practical Business Men and Teachers and Entering the Ranks of the Various Professions.

IS IT possible to successfully civilize the Indian? Those who have seen the Haskell Institute say yes.

Haskell Institute is situated near the extreme southern end of Lawrence, Kan. In various departments of this institute nearly 600 Indian boys and girls may be found busily engaged in learning the ways of the white man.

In the school proper, there are, in addition to kindergarten, nine grades. These are supplemented by the commercial and normal departments, and the completion of these nine grades, or their equivalent, is required for admission to either of the higher departments named.

**Commercial Department.**  
The commercial department was opened in 1895. The normal had been in operation for some time previous to this, and it had been seen that many of the pupils were not adapted to that line of work.

In recognition of this fact, Mr. H. B. Pearis, then principal and now superintendent, recommended the establishment of a commercial department.

Since its organization this department has graduated fifteen pupils. The record of these graduates is gratifying. The following are worthy of special mention: Frank Bazhaw, merchant and farmer, at Ecentucka, I. T.; George Bent, teacher and band master, Tomah, Wis.; James W. Plake, chief clerk, Indian school, Genoa, Neb.; John V. Plake, Government stenographer, Osage Agency, Okla.; Charles Pruner, clerk, Anadarko, Okla.; Samuel Townsend, assistant printer, Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan.; Jesse White, industrial teacher, Santee Agency, Neb.; Jerry Charlow, stenographer and bookkeeper, Picher Lead and Mining Company, Joplin, Mo.

Thomas Encau, bookkeeper, Kansas City, Mo.; James Balmer, teacher and stenographer, Phoenix, Ariz.; Antoine Caisse, assistant clerk, Chilocco, Okla.; Mary Antoine, Government stenographer, Sae and Fox Agency, Okla. The two Plake brothers named above have each been promoted at increased salaries within the last six months.

**Bookkeeping and Business.**  
"Until a few weeks ago, this was the only department of its kind in the entire Indian service, and it is still the only one giving a course in bookkeeping and business practice. There has been established in the Indian school at Phoenix, Ariz., a shorthand and typewriting department, which is in charge of James Balmer, a graduate of the Haskell Commercial department," reports one of the teachers at the school.

"Our present enrollment is twenty-three and the following tribes are represented: Chippewa, Pottawatomie, Onondaga, Quapaw, Muncie, Sioux, Omaha, Winnebago, and Tuscarora.

"The course of study includes two years in the following branches: Bookkeeping, correspondence, English grammar, arithmetic, rapid calculations, shorthand (Pitman), typewriting, business practice, commercial law, banking, current events, office work, etc. The pupils are often given actual experience in clerical and stenographic work in connection with the business of the institute, both in the principal's and superintendent's offices. Incidentally pupils are taught manifold, filing, briefcase, copying, etc. The quality of work done in these offices is taken into consideration in determining the final grades of the pupils.

"The typewriting room is well equipped with machines. In the main room three handsome offices have been built

by the carpenter and his apprentices, which form a very important feature of the business practice work. During the

first year the work is largely theoretical, but in the second year a system of business practice is used which brings the

pupils into business relations with each other, and also with the pupils and officers of other schools. Each pupil has

Over Six Hundred Indian Boys and Girls Are Gathered At the Great Government Institution Learning the Ways of the White Man—All the Common Branches of Learning Taught and Those Supplemented By Commercial and Normal Departments—Sons of Warrior Chiefs Learning to Write Shorthand and Operate Typewriters.

the opportunity to do the work of each office, for which he receives a salary of \$100 per month in college currency. The bank is regularly organized and officered, and each advanced student holds a part of the stock. The bank usually makes one or two dividends during each school year.

"The work of these pupils in penmanship is excellent. They all acquire a good movement readily, and there is no difficulty in teaching them proper conceptions of form. But thirty minutes a day are devoted to this branch, yet in the seven months of school work just passed, the improvement has been very noticeable. In fact, in many instances truly remarkable.

"Some very good work is done in rapid calculations, particularly in addition. About fifteen minutes of each day are devoted to this drill.

"In bookkeeping and business practice the work is uniformly neat. Nearly all take pride in keeping clean books and desks. It has often been remarked by teachers with whom we correspond that the letters written in business practice are very sensible, courteous, and to the point.

**Literary Societies.**  
"Literary societies are held twice each month under the supervision of teachers, and much valuable training in speaking and writing results therefrom. A working knowledge of parliamentary law is also acquired.

"Taking all things into consideration a teacher could hardly ask for a more earnest, enthusiastic and intelligent class than may be found today in the commercial department of Haskell Institute. It is safe to say that they are well adapted to this line of work, and

beyond doubt many good stenographers and bookkeepers will be the result of the establishment of this department."

It was eighteen years ago, largely through the efforts of the late Dudley C. Haskell, then Representative from the Second Congressional district of Kansas, that the institution that bears his name was established. Since then, in the neighborhood of 3,500 Indian boys and girls, representing at least sixty-five different Indian tribes, have been gathered into the institution and not only fed and clothed, but given a liberal education not only in the arts and sciences and literature, but in the trades, domestic science, and practical business life.

**Come From the Wildest Tribes.**  
Many of these children are gathered from the wildest and least civilized tribes, indeed the Sioux, Chippewas, and Cheyennes predominate in numbers and among the handsomest of the graduates this year was an Apache maiden, whose ancestors were among the very last to be gathered out of their mountain fastnesses and compelled to exchange the war path for the path of peace. Kansas did not need to be very old to remember when the Cheyennes were the boldest and most bloodthirsty warriors that scourged the plains, and middle-aged persons recollect, having been settlers of the North-west, trembling with terror at the very name of Sioux. It is hard to realize when one looks at the handsome, well-dressed, and many young fellows, and fashionably attired and prepossessing young women who make up the graduating classes at Haskell that they are only a few years removed from the period of the green corn dance, the midnight raid, and the bloody massacre.

## THE WOMAN WHO STOOPS TO MARRY AND THE MISTAKE SHE MAKES

By KATE THYSON MARR.  
Author of "Confessions of a Grass Widow," "Bound by the Law," etc.

WHEN a woman becomes a trifle passe, she also becomes philosophical and thinks it a moral obligation to preach to all the girls of her acquaintance, and she may be right, though when a woman engages in that sort of belated virtuous stunt, it always seems to me that she must have some harrowing memories that found her conscience, after she was found out, and had time to think it over and regret.

And yet young girls have figured in so many horrible tragedies of late that it is just as well to arrange a menu of solid wisdom once in a while and invite them to partake while leaving them the choice to decline or to accept.

Many girls might be spared oceans of tears and van loads of regrets if they would but listen before it is too late, but a girl's vanity on the one hand, her inexperience on the other, and her untold faith in all that she deems good are sorry weapons with which to combat inclination and the vain confidence of youth.

Mothers are often sadly to blame, because, instead of talking good common sense in a sensible way, they scold and nag, and find fault, with the result of making a girl deceitful and intriguing without accomplishing any good.

Summer is the season par excellence when the summer girl's flirting proclivities flourish like a wild honeysuckle vine. The very atmosphere is languorous and sentimental, the chirp of the cricket reeks of monotony and dreaminess, the rattle of the hotlyd and the

soft breezes of the midsummer night lull the senses with an insidious trace-like sublimation that woos romance like some patent narcotic.

It is the flirting season. The warmth drives the maiden fair out of doors to seek the cooling breath, while she longs for long rambles with a greater longing for some dear companionship, and very naturally prefers the masculine companion, and so drift into the sly flirtation.

Now, no woman, no matter how old or passe, with a good working memory, should blame a girl for enjoying just such delicious delirious moments as she recalls with a sigh. The woman who has never coquetted must have been too ugly or too disagreeable to have had the chance. It is just as natural for a woman to love admiration as it is for her to love her face or to arrange her hair, and I would not give a snap for the woman who did not. There is something wrong about her, but there is a wide dividing line between serious flirtation and the midsummer madness of coquetry.

A woman needs a spice of coquetry to make her attractive, and it is a fascination that is acknowledged both by men and women. It cannot be defined, being more the charm of subtlety undefinable, but all potential.

Flirtation, on the other hand, is the morbid vanity that delights in conquest with or without reason. A confirmed flirt is just as happy and vain over the conquest of a coachman as she would be over enslaving a man of social or financial importance. It is simply a question of the homage exacted by vanity.

A woman who is merely coquettish is

so from her desire to please and to entertain, with no thought of ultimate conquest. It is natural for her to be charming, because she is well-bred and enjoys social interchanges. The flirt will lead a man to believe that she really cares more for him than she does as a means of complete subjugation, and often it is from this excessive vanity that she delights in conquest that tragedies arise to ruin other lives.

A woman who is a wanton where a man's holiest emotions are concerned is less of the woman and more of the fiend. An engagement of marriage entered into through a dare or in the spirit of frivolity stamps the woman as unworthy any man's regard, and a woman who exhausts all the best emotions of her heart and soul in senseless flirtation is even less worthy a good man's love when it does finally come into her life.

Honor, in its truest sense, should be the guardian of a girl's impulses. To treat every man with so much consideration that if she cannot return the love he professes, she can at least retain his respect, so that should they meet, even decades after, when the softly falling snows of time have silvered her hair, she can extend her hand frankly and know that he regards the past sacredly.

This much should not be hard for any girl to do. It need not put a quiver on her effervescent spirits, it need not deprive her of any pleasures that youth craves, but it will prove an insurance policy on the past, payable in the future, and the premium will be ample compensation.

All girls are liable to little indiscretions; that is one of the inevitables that youth accords inexperience, and for which older people should make allow-

ances, and by kindly indicating the harm a girl may do herself, try to guard her in the future, but don't nag her into a reckless marriage that so many rush into to escape an uncomfortable home.

A girl is more than foolish to encourage the attentions of a man beneath her socially. It is just as difficult to transplant human beings as it is to cultivate tropical growth in an arctic atmosphere. They cannot become acclimated, and the girl who sins against her order by a mesalliance, lashes her own soul with the scourge of humiliation.

Romance is very pretty and fascinating in 19-cent novels, but romance without a dollar wherewith to pay for the necessities of life is rather a pitiful tale.

If girls realized what marrying for love and nothing else meant, there would be many more to falter before saying "yes" at the altar.

What can a girl reared in luxury know of the heartaches attendant on poverty? If she were talked to sensibly, she might be spared; and a girl should do an awful lot of thinking before uttering the words that may devastate her own life. Better break her own heart beforehand than to have it broken for her later.

The girl reared in luxury has an idea that marrying a poor man means only to live in a smaller house and to plan everything on a less elaborate scale. She forgets that the absence of the dainty surroundings of her former life will grate on all her sensibilities. She does not realize that a continual round of housework is torture to one unaccustomed to such labor. She does not realize how agonizing it will be to be gunned for tradesmen's bills when she

has not the wherewith to pay. She has no sense of the bitterness she is storing up for herself, when, whether sick or well, she must attend to certain duties, even though her head be aching to distraction. And, worst of all, if she becomes a mother, the knowledge that she cannot educate her children as she would wish, or, should they be ill, she cannot provide the luxuries that it will break her heart to deny. Added to this may be the humiliation of being forced to accept the grudging charity of her family. And a girl need not say she "would not accept it," she "would rather die."

That is all very well, but children's necessities quickly crush a mother's pride, although she may cry her heart out when accepting for their sake.

If girls were told these things, and made to understand them, there might be fewer desolate, heart-broken women. No matter how good a man may be morally, if his environment has been different from that of the woman, she will find it a hard task to assimilate tastes. If she has been accustomed to the refinements and culture that is part and parcel of the blessing of wealth and social prestige, a husband from a substrata will soon grate on her fastidious taste. His companions will jar her and the honeymoon will soon begin to wane. A mesalliance is the saddest mistake a girl can make. Her pride is always in rebellion against her environment. Her love at war with all her creeds from the cradle up. She may try nobly to make the best of what cannot be undone, but she will see life only through her tears. Her love will become a reproach and she will soon regard herself as a misguided, infatuated fool, rather than the heroine

she fancied herself when making her questionable sacrifice.

This is more preaching than generally indulged in on my Sunday out (in print), but the summer girl who goes to a fashionable resort passes through a double platoon of temptation. She is liable to meet the suave shop clerk who has dined on Frankfurter sandwiches all winter in order to make a sputter at the seaside for a couple of weeks in the summer, which, too, is done with the sober intent of trying to find some rich girl to fascinate—and when a fool goes foolishly hunting he is apt to be rewarded in the search, and the girl who becomes infatuated is not prone to listen to the warnings of those whose experience makes them better guides than the promptings of her heart may be.

I do not advocate loveless marriages, and a pure-minded woman would revolt at the thought of such a one, but a girl often mistakes a senseless infatuation for love, and there is one thing very certain—a proud, sensitive woman, accustomed to the refinements of life, cannot be happy amid sordid surroundings.

Love that feasts only on self-sacrifice rebels against the unwholesome diet. A man who has not been habituated to the faint influence of wealth and culture becomes repulsive to a woman who has never known aught else when thrown with him in the daily contact of married life.

Sweethearts and husbands are two different breeds, and you can't make a thoroughbred out of a dray horse. The slovenly gait of the latter will soon tell, and the woman awakes to find him away behind her in the life race.

Coquette to your heart's content. Be happy as long as you can. A girl learns

her first lesson of sorrow when she falls in love. The tears of her girlhood are pearls, those of wifehood are lead, and every one falls on her heart as the dull thud of earth falls on a coffin.

I am ruminating and reminiscing tonight, having been thinking and philosophizing, and, though not professing to be an expert in the art of diagnosing human hearts suffering 'neath the burden of human misery, yet I have observed, and from observation have evolved conclusions that are sound and practical; and I would impress upon girls everywhere: Don't marry a man who is not your equal socially and financially. Don't marry a man who is jealous and suspicious. Don't marry a man to reform him; let some other woman undertake that contract. Don't marry a man to spite your family or to triumph over a rival. Don't marry a man who has no decided business inclinations; you will get absolutely sick of seeing him around all the time.

Matrimony is often a foolhardy venture at best. One of the states where fools rush in, and angels are never found after the rush. No matter if they are crowned and have sprouted the flapping wings beforehand, they are apt to shed the whole outfit when the honeymoon has exhausted the honey, and it becomes a question of money, then it is a large surprise party to find how little honey there is in life where there is little money.

This is not a lesson advocating mercenary marriages, but rather a heart to heart talk to girls, that a little hard horse sense (and dollars) is well to have on tap to offset the temptations of a reckless infatuation.

A woman who stoops to marry finds it hard work to straighten up again.